BUT OH, THE CELEBRATION

The Fashion and Firtation, When the Weeks Bring Easter.tide.

Cingham Gowas for Small Girls; In Velve Green or Flashing Red the Fluttering Modish Cape; Tallor-Made Costumes ;-All are Part of the Opening Season Either is Best, the Blonds or Branette-Stribood in Ancient Greece, and Welles ley's Fair Athletes To-day-Woman at Hotels-Qualities She Likes in Men-How Stage Love Scenes Impress Her; the Type of Actors and Singers She Adores; and Interesting Notes of Her Doings.

Boolety has incorporated the Lenten fast among her functions, and the fashionable woman wears her sackcloth and ashes with enitential grace, always contriving to have the prosaic materials made up to cost twice as much as purple and fine linen. But, however devout we are, modish murmurs will break in upon plous meditation, and the more rightcously we renounce the pomps and vanities the more leisure we have to plan out fresh extravagances for the Eastertide. To write of the fashions without a mention of the hoor skirt would be like giving a dinner without the wine. Here in the city the hoop



sold on the quiet to women who strictest secrecy on the salesmen. As many as twenty-five of the wire cages are sold in a day, they report, in one of the smaller shops to customers whose names are not to be found out. Still, in London as yet the hoop is not worn by the ladies who figure in the lists of the Court Journal and are received at the drawing rooms. From Paris the latest advices are femire has as yet declared for the crinoline. Still, the coming change is in the air, and, while no one is quite brave enough to bell the estand make the first innovation, all may strike the note simultaneously and "the hoop" will



be in, the Ladies' League and the American legislators to the contrary notwithstanding. The last forlorn hope is that whenever the hoop has imposed its tyranny it has been at the instance of some universally accepted leader of the fashionable world, and now there is no French Empress whose personal reasons for adopting the ugly fashion may make the mode mandatory.

Having discussed the hoop-skirt bulletin, let us open our budget and talk about the little gowns one may make for one's daughters without feeling in the least sacrilegious. Now the new ginghams, of which the little maid cannot possibly have too many, copy faithfully in color and weave



the silk and wool fabrics which form the basis of summer gowns for maids, also no longer little. All the odd fiscks, dots, measy stripes, lumps and bymps of color that one sees on the wool zoods appear in the cotton ones as well. And, oddly enough, the models of the little frocks seem inspired by the same extravagances as the larger gowns. A quaint little dress is made of porcelsin blue gingham, powdered with lumps of red breaking through in irregular places. The skirt is plain, and gathered to an inch-wide band corded on each edge with scarte percale. The waist is of fine white lawn, tucked in strips, with bands of insertion between, and ever this is a little low-necked Directoirs coat of gingham, corded all around with red, and



WITHOUT ONE HESITATION, with blue ribbon run through the beading across the top and bottom, finished with rosette at each side. A ruffle of white embroider, frills over the shoulder, and another finishes the armhole, and the little gathered guimpe is worn inside. A muslin dress with a striptof lace insertion let in above the hem has a low-necked waist cut down to an open V in



front and at the back, and broad lace ruffles cascaded from the front over to the back. The sleeve is a puff of lawn with a ruffle of lace falling to the elbow over the white sleeve of the inner guimpe. All manner of dainty devices for the using of beading with ribbons adds to the attractive prettiness of the gowns, without greatly increasing the expense. Some little challie dresses are made with a full waist gathered into a little plaited ruche of ribbon at the neck, and some of the broad fancy-striped ribbons, four or five inches wide and diversified with as many colors as it has inches, is brought up from under the arm in the form of a little coat, the ribbon turning squarely at the corners and plaiting over the arm hole or tying on the shoulder in bows. And the little coats and pelisses copy fairly and quaintly those worn by grown-up little girls. Tan and coffee colored cloth coats, have plaited nock ruffles of colored velvet lined with satin of still another color, or have satin ribbon, plaited in full frills, for a finish to the neck and sleeves. This satin ribbon, with its glossy richness, enters into the decoration of all the dress and of the hats, being ruffled on the inside and outside, as well of the broad-brimmed chip and leghorn hats, and standing in loops among the flowers and grasses that decorate the crowns. One particularly handsome coat is of blue and black brocade, with blue ondine sleeves and yoke, and a ruffle over the yoke of black velvet and a tangle of buttercups and grasses put and scanlessly that it seems as if some tiny hand might have gathered and twined the yellow bells in place.

QUALITIES WOMEN LIKE IN MEN. Conversely, the Sort of Women the Sterne

Why is it that so many clever women con sider it a sign of superiority to say that they don't like women? The kind of a woman a man likes best is the very womanly woman. who clings to the old traditions and keeps the sweet ideals, and likes to get off in a corner and gossip with a lot of other women about the new babies, and the new gowns, the new books that women love best and men laugh at the weddings, and teas, and lunches that men are not interested in. And why do women think that they increase their charm for men by saying that they don't like women? There are plenty of women who are not emancipated enough to want to dispense with the society and homage of men, who yet breathe a little sigh of relief when the men they like best are off for the day and they can sit down with congenial women friends and talk things all over that they would never dream of troubling a man with. No woman is ashamed to admit that when a man is chivalrous and courteous he interests and fascinates her, and none desires to "improve" him off the face of the earth, but there are times when she readily can

to "improve" him off the face of the earth, but there are times when she readily can spare him.

Men hate details and women delight in them. Men want to be always talking about themselves to women, or else flattering the women with idle compliments. Men hate scenes and sentimental hysteries; women revel in them. Men do not like sad women; women love a woman for her very sadness. Men want to turn off a life sorrow with "Well, cheer up, little woman. It doesn't pay to be sad." Women are sympathetic listeners and tender comforters. Men rarely like to talk of the earnest things of life with women, and if between a man and woman there springs up the confidence and sympathy in interest and purpose that women so often feel for each other, nine times out of ten one or the other gets in love and spoils it all.

Men are timidly skeptical and painfully logical. It is very tiresome to have one's forty black cats in the cherry tree guizzed and cross-questioned down to one white cat on the wall every time. Women are not so superior and grand and independent as they advertise. It is a relief to take out one's hairpins and take off the mask, and be just as weak and womanish and loolish as she likes for a little while. They have been spelling woman with

vertise. It is a relief to take out one's hairpins and take off the mask, and be just as weak and womanish and foolish as she likes for a little while. They have been spelling woman with such a big capital W lately, and thinking they are so masterful and mighty, that they have no need of the little quiet chats over the teacups, where they can air honest feminine views of various things, men among the rest, without fear or favor; where they can shed a few tears if they like over the clay feet of their particular idol, without being distracted by lears lest their noses get red.

There is something radically wrong with a woman who doesn't like women, who isn't loyal enough to try to conceal the weaknesses and folbles of her kind, even as men defend and support one another, who doesn't know times and seasons when she finis the companionship of her own sisters better than the flattery of men. The woman who is too clever to care for women ought to be clever enough to keep it to hersel!, for men are less attracted by the smart woman's smartness. A woman so superior to her kind would not make an ideal companion for the average man, who knows he is a little lower than the angels, but enjoys beat the woman who is not quite clever enough to find it out, or else is clever enough never to let him know it.

FEMININE GUESTS AT HOTELS.

Their Troublesome Caprices, and Also the Undesirable Things They Don't Do. A woman in a hotel is like a live wire on a frolic or a runaway horse at a funeral. She can give and countermand more orders in fifteen minutes after her trunks come up than a man could think of in a week. She writes half a dozen letters a day, using three or four sheets of the hotel paper in each one, and calls up a bell boy to mail each one separately. She puts all sorts of things in the safe, and no one minds that so much as the things she doesn't put there, but is perfectly sure she did. Of course she finds them up stairs under the pillow, and apologizes so prettily one can't help but be glad she made the mistake. She never makes out a wash list, but she "knows" exactly what she had, and one pair hasn't been returned. She keeps the ponderous bell boy promenading up and down stairs all day with roses and cards, parcels and messages, and never remembers to tip him; but it is good for his digestion, makes him earn his wages, and teaches him the philosophy of life. She sends down word to know just when the 5 o'clock train goes out, and what time the 7 o'clock limited gets in, but she doesn't come reeling in after the play to find out who she is and where she is at, any way. doesn't come reeling in after the play to find out who she is and where she is at, any way. She will tack up photographs on the wall, but she doesn't go to bed with her boots on. She expects the chambermaid to clean her gowns and pack her trunks, but she doesn't set the sheets ch fire smoking in hed or break the mirrors with her umbrella and play football with the furniture, even in her funniest moods. She wants no end of extra towels but she doesn't polish her boots with them. Of course, she doesn't eats a much or drink as much or spend as much money as a man, but she can make things more lively with her cards and callers, the people she is "in" to, and the people she is "out" to than a houseful of men. She wants to live all over the house, and why not? A pretty woman reading in a parior, or waiting on a hall seat or scribbling letters in her queer angular hand at the writing table is ever so much more interesting an attraction than a harrel of "brico break." a potted palm, or a jardinière full of flowers. Ever since the days of the garden eviction men have followed where women most do congregate is sure to have a generous following of men. Indeed, it is a question if a pretty woman that will sit around in stained-glass attitudes and a handsome gown ought not to have special rates if she isn't paid a salary.

There is one thing a woman will do every time, and that is inaist that there is something wrong about her bill. She 'knows' just what she has had and is sure there is smistake and you have charged ber too much, but, bless her heart, she always pays. Sunshine isn't surer in June than a woman's honeety. She never is so "dead broke" at the end of the trip that she has to pawn her things or give se-

curity on her trunks. And if you do succeed in pleasing her she will tell every one from here to the Golden Gate that your hotel is the only decent place in town. A drummer working on commission and giving his whole time to it can't work up half the custom that one well-suited woman will sand you if you humor her little caprices, serve her dainty little dishes of nothing sweetened and tied up with bows, and fix up her bill so that you can afford to discount it a bit when she leaves.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS

Still Quite the Mode for Shopping, for Church,

or for Travelling. Fashions of the world are fleeting, but the tailor-made gown abides forever, or at least will be proper form so long as London fashions influence New York swelldom. It is the elegant woman who wears the tailor-made gown now—the woman who thinks nothing of spending a hundred dollars on a rough tweed for morning wear. The tailor dress no longer figures at dressy functions as in the days of its early popularity, and the woman of small means can no longer afford it, as it is de rigeuer only for shopping, for church, and for travelling. But the bright tinsels and dreadnought serges may



be made up by dressmakers on the tailor model, and most useful and serviceable are the results. A gray-blue cloth, showing a tiny dot of red, is a suitable and pleasing color for summer, and is made up without a vestige of trimming, except rows of carefully executed machine stitching. The single-breasted cut away coat shows a line of the vest, which may be of red vesting or white piqué. The collar and link cuffs, as well as the white ties, are copied from the modes followed by men. Another idea for the simple gown,



without which no wardrobe may be accounted complete, shows a plain gored skirt of mixed tweed, in tan, with all sorts of unexpected colors manifesting themselves in unexpected places. A full bodice of tartan or of the seeded taffetss with changeable lustre is worn under a buttoned zouave of tweed with a wired shoulder frill lined with the silk and edged with lines of tartan cloth. A twist of silk and cord edges the skirt at the top, and a folded stock collar of silk linishes the neck. For the more dressy gowns of silk and wool mix-



tures corded silk, plain satin, and all the curiously seeded and flecked silks, the tiny patterned bracades so woven in together as to have the pattern scarcely defined, are used in combinations. One gown stands out in distinction from the rest in that it has full drooping revers of satin like the sleeves, which do not cross the shoulder in the ublguitous cape. The back of this waist is made with the fulness plaited down at the bottom in two-stitched plaits on either side and none of the satin showing except in the collar.



Another odd little bodice shows stiffened and wired shoulder canes covering the tops of the sleeves, like epaulets, with a line of velvet showing like a vest in between, and in turn opening over a satin plastron, while hold Restoration revers, very broad at the top and narrowing in a graceful slope at the waist, eross one over the other in a rosette, which also closes the belt of folded satin.

ANENT STAGE LOVE SCENES.

Impressive to Stage-struck Girls, They Yet Are Saures and Delusions, The stage love scene is probably responsible

for more of the stage-struck madness which attacks the sentimental matinée girl than any other part of the fascinating speciacle.
It looks so perfectly delicious when Kelcey. in his splendid, earnest dignity begins the scene, leaning slightly forward at an elegant angle warranted not to crease the immaculate beauty of his shirt front, clinches his hand. and begins to plead. You couldn't imagine Keicey taking to his knees to say the tender words, for fear he might muss himself some-where. And when Maurice Barrymore makes his whirlwind rush across the stage and gots into his Nancy Hanks stace and gots into we hancy Hanks gait on a proposal and really makes his hands tremble, the matinee girl feels just as she does when she is swallowing a brandled cherry with her eyes shut. And John Drew is such a considerate sort of a lover. He doesn't snuggles girl all over and promenade round on her flounces and get himself all between her and the audience. And if he doesn't mean quite all that he says, and is a bit wicked and wordly, he reminds the girl almost more than any of the others of the real article as it ap-

peared to her when the chain bracelet was locked on her own arm.

Morris is so horribly in earnest he isn't interesting. He would make a good husband, but a very trying lover to the average girl. He stands so straight and tall, and doesn't make nice, tempting places for a girl to cuddle against. It is like making love to a carved wood apostle, or an Eden Musce Homeo. Every girl in the theatre, is ready to say to Miller, the romantic, the hot-headed, the eager lover that all women adore, "I am yours," and riump her head down on his shoulder to the slow music long before he gets in his linea. But the great tenor, Alvary, was the ideal lover. He knew the multiplication table of caresses by heart. He could stand still and look the love that Rosetti wrote about in his most weird attacks, look it straight at you until you forgot all about the eight or ten little Alvarys in the fatherland, and didn't even hear the horrible man who took you to the opera whispering "beer" and "sausages" in your ear to distract you.

After all it isn't so much nicer on the stage than the realthing. You are just as apt to catch your hair on his shirt studs or his vest buttons; you are just as sure to rub the powder off your nose on his shoulder, and on the stage it is hard telling which is the angriest, the woman that rubs the power off her nose, or the man who zets it on his coat. And perhaps when the curtain goes down he is wnispering sweetly that if you wear that coreage bouquet again he will cut the act or leave the company, for he doesn't propose to have his lungs pierced with a hat pin.

Sometimes in that rush he doesn't calculate just right and steps on your feet, and you have to look unuterable things in his eyes while all the while you know he has ruined your satin alippers. Sometimes you make the rush yourself, and if you don't land just where he has told you to, if you being against him and the talking and you just have to look entranced and joyous while he spouts and romances, and wonder if you will knock noses this time in th

FAIR OR DARK HAIRED WOMEN. Some Famous Blonde Beauties of Poem, Mythology, and History.

The fair-haired woman, lissome and loving. has had her day. Dark-eyed beauty, framed in dusky tresses, seems more in keeping with the tall and queenly type of woman that has of late supplanted the petite ideal of the old days. Men say it is because the tall woman makes such exquisite pictures, leaning and swaying in graceful poses, because she is inflnitely nicer to make love to than the little woman. She can cuddle her head up under a man's chin, touch his cheek with her smooth. velvety face, while a little woman, even if she stands on tiptos, only rumples his shirt front. And when she takes to ordering a man about, he doesn't feel quite so much like a fool as when a little woman takes on the airs of a commanding officer. But the other woman, she of the fair tresses

of which Browning wrote: "Such a wonder of flix and floss, froshness and fragrance—floods of it, too! Gold, did I say? Nay, gold's mere

flix and floss, freshness and fragrance—floods of it, tool Gold, did I say? Nay, gold's mere dross." She counts in her sisterhood the greatest beauties the world has ever known. It was in a web of gold tresses that Helen snared the heart of Paris; it was with blond hair that the Magdalen wiped the feet of the Master.

Phryne the fair, when brought before her Judges, suddenly threw off her peplum and dazzled the lawmakers with her wondrous beauty, clad only in the rippling waves of golden hair. Men have not changed through the centuries. Beauty was then as now a woman's best defence. Instantly her pardon was granted.

Paula of Toulouse, whom the people followed in crowds, enchanted by her beauty, was a blonde. She complained to the magistrates of these troublesome crowds, whereupon they in their wisdom decreed that she should not be thus annoyed. But as her beauty, being a gift of Providence, did not belong exclusively to herself, and the people had a right to enjoy it, she was compelled to stand one hour overy Sunday afteraoon on her balcony that the people might gaze upon her loveliness.

Dante's Beatrice was a blonde: Ta-so's Armide was inspired by the fair and blonde Eleonore d'Este, one of the most beautiful and remarkable women of that epoch, and one with whom, of oourse, he was desperately in love. The beautiful Cleonice supplants all brunette rivais in the heart of her royal lover when she "veils her pearly tears in the shinning gold of her hair." Yenus, the goddess of beauty and of love, rises from the sea foam with dead gold locks. The virtues. Faith, Hope, and Charity, have blond hair, and Aurora, who opens the eastern gates to the day god, has hair as yellow as the sunshine.

"I am so happy," writes Mile, de Montpensier, "ia grande mademoiselle," in heripiquant memoirs, "in being a blonde."

GIRLHOOD IN ANCIENT GREECE. Somewhat Restricted, and Eminently Religtous and Practical.

It would seem, judging from Miss Emily Penrose's lectures on early Athenian customs, that the women of ancient Greece, though they were fair to look upon, and inspired the sculptured wemanly leveliness, really had a very presaic and stupid time of it among all the old poets and philosophers. And that it is a great deal nicer to live now, even with a boon in your skirt and a stiff darby on your head, than in those days of poetry and high art, when a woman had no clubs or leagues, no social science sisterhoods, no Lenten sewing social science sisterhoods, no Lenten sewing coteries with nice men drifting in at the tea hour, no literary guilds or sanitary classes, no street-cleaning organizations or hygienic frateraties, no nervous prostration, no crinoline, no careers, and no stockinga.

Little Athenian maids were kept closely in the women's apartments until they were married, and very rarely appeared in public. They were taught reading, writing, and dancing as accomplishments, but their rest education consisted in learning to spin, to weave, to embroider, and the treatment of simple ilinesses among their slaves. They must also learn a great deal of claborate Lenten ritual, as women took a prominent part in the family worship. In the court-yard garden in the centre of the women's apartments the girls played among the flowers with their pet animals, the live playthings taking the place of the mechanical toys and talking dolls and small filtrations of to-day. At seven years old a siri might become an Arrephoros—a most envied post—and take part in the festivals of Athens. At ten she might engage in the exciting operation of grinding the corn to make votive cakes for Artemis; after that take part in certain high festivals and processions. Girls were frequently married at fifteen, the husband being chosen by the father. Marriage was looked upon as both a civil and religious duty, and it was thought desirable that the husband should be much older than the wife. But there could be little suspense or romance in so prosaic a woolng, and after the weddings wife never went out unattended, but spent her time in looking after the house, superintending the slaves, and preventing waste.

She was responsible for everything in her house, where all the food was prepared and all the clothing worn and made up. Her chief never went out unattended, but spent her time in looking after the house superintending the slaves, and preventing waste.

She was responsible for everything in her house, where all the food was prepared and all the clothing worn and saltcoteries with nice men drifting in at the tea hour, no literary guilds or sanitary classes, no

"Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"



Buckwheat.

Makes Light,

Dainty Buckwheat Cakes. Royal Baking Powder will be found the greatest of helps. With least labor and trouble it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing and assuredly digestible and wholesome.

harely make eleeves for this season's gowns. So perhaps they were happier, after all, and happiness is, next to beauty, the chief virtue of womanhood.

PHASES OF THE FLUITERING CAPE. Velvet in Bright Green or Flashing Red with Black Satin Trimmings.

Another interesting study to the woman with the fairy's knack of creating great successes without great resources is the different phases of the cape. Every day sees some new development quite within the means of the woman who enjoys the triumph of making warm red cloth flashed out in the crowd down Broadway the other day. It was lined with black satin and



covered to the edge with rows of black satin ribbon half an inch wide, stitched on with spaces between as wide as the ribbon. At the neck were five rows of satin ribbon, three inches wide, plaited as full as they could. frilled, turning down toward the shoulder. The sixth row stood up about the neck like a collar, and long bows and ends of the ribbon tie at the front. Another cape phase, more green which enters into most fashionable toll-



ets. This cape is much shorter than the winter capes, but makes up in fuiness what it lacks in length. A double gatin ruffle, the outside green, the lining creamy white, outlines the yoke, and a facing of heavy creamy white lace finishes the front and covers the collar. The lining, too, is of white with a thread of gold in its pattern.

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

All the fine ladies with delicate dude bowopened in Philadelphia in connection with the great university a palatial dog hospital where high-priced canines can have their elegant ailments treated with all the latest scientific quirks. This is the only institution of the kind in this country, though there are in Berlin, Parls, and London dog hospitals, but less finely appointed than this. There are all the accommodations of an ordinary hospital, with rooms for clinics and operations, baths, medication, and cooking. The dogs will be placed in separate and roomy cages on wheels, and as fifty or sixty may be accommodated the students of the medical department will have opportunity in their experimenting to literally "try it on a dog." allments treated with all the latest scien

The famous women warriors of Dahomey who have fought so desperately against the severity beside which the discipline of our soldiers is luxurious ease. They are recruited from girls of thirteen or fourteen years, and also from the ranks of criminals and evildeers, for any crime is pardoned to the woman who enlists among the Amazons. They are compelled to sleep autdoors in all kinds of weather, to suffer blows and kicks without complaint, and are often kept starving for days. For the purpose of acquiring proficiency in scaling walls, the scantily clothed warriors are compelled for clamber to the top of walls thickly covered with thorny cacti, the ground beneath being strewn with broken glass. Before going into battle liberal quantities of rum are given to them to give them the daring recklessness which marks their attacks. They live rapidly for a little time, then charge upon the enemy with their knives, and even when shot down will fight to the last breath, stabling blindly at their assailants, and biting and tearing at their legs when they can no longer stand. from girls of thirteen or fourteen years, and

One of the principal clubs of St. Louis includes in its constitution a by-law which pro-vides! "that the members' wives, daughters and lady friends shall have the right to enjoy and lady friends shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the club." and by this provision is the organization distinctive among its kind. So generous is the sentiment that one readily forgives the "lady friends" of its wording. The plan to admit women to the club was at first ridiculed, then bitterly opposed, and finally accepted with the proviso that if found detriments to the interests of the club the women would meet the fate of the Chinese. But the results have shown that what was considered to be a doubtful experiment has been the means of building up an institution the like of which is not to be found in the country, so the members claim. It is the boast of the officers that no woman dwells in the city so pious that she would not wish to be known as a friend of the club, nor one of the boys that does not consider it an honor to be connected with the club. They have a membership of 750, a club house valued at \$300,000, a fine library, and accommodations for 1,000 guests, and the name is the Mercantile Club. There is a fine flavor of Utopia in this chivalrous arrangement, a murmur of the coming millennium, when man and woman shall sit side by side. "full secured in all their powers," for ninety-nine women out of a hundred would rather be a member in good and regular standing of a man's club than to be Governor of her State or have a seat in the Cabinet.

In the Wisconsin House of Representatives the privileges of the club," and by this pro

In the Wisconsin House of Representatives on a recent occasion the morning prayer was made by the Rev. Mrs. Bartlett, a minister of the Universalist faith. It is said that the prayer was the most thoughful and appropriate of any delivered during the session, and was listened to with reverence rather than impatience, even to the amen.

The English Woman's Year Book, in its re view of woman's work, states that the demand for woman lectures on almost all questions of practical value is steadily increasing. With so many additional openings with remunerative employments, the editor congratulates the community on the disposition increasingly arearent among young women to be content with a single life, and admits her surprise at the inconsistency with which this tendency has been reprobated by the very persons who at other times are given to deplore the overpopulation of the country. Bince the number of women in excess of men is so large in the Queen's dominion, surely it were commendable that the unmated should acquire the gift of resignation and lears to let soup titchess and has practical value is steadily increasing. With

nels supersede remance in their well-regu-lated minds. During the year 1812 more than 360 women have taken scholastic degrees or passed in tripos examinations in England and Ireland, sixty-one of these having been placed in the first division of the London University.

Lent finds no more sincere devotees to its customs and ceremonies than the ultra-fachionable woman, to whom sacrifice is a new and, therefore, a grateful sensation, and renunciation of the nomps and vanities a happy relief from tiresome social duties. Some of the more devout have a prie-dieu in their boudoirs, where violets breathe fragrance boudoirs, where violets breathe fragrance throughout the fast and perfumed lights burn unceasingly. Mrs. John Gardner of Boaton possesses a celebrated painting of the Madonna. before which an astral light is kept constantly burning during the penitential season. And the gav social leaders who never thread a needle for themselves prick their pretty fingers over the warm garments they stitch for their less fortunate sisters, and wear themselves out arranging bazaars and benefits for the relief of the needly. Even if it is all fashion and sentiment, it is a pretty fashion and a womanly sentiment which ought to be encouraged. There are so many kinds of religion nowadays, and so many ways of serving it, that no one need be disagreeable and doubtful of the sincerity of pretty penitents in well-fitting gowns going about in graceful ministration for sweet charity's aske, even if they were so unfortunate as to be bred to the purple. "Some uncharitable people," Mrs. Erimne says in the play, "never will believe in the repentance of a woman unless she goes to a poor dressmaker."

A new scheme of housewifery has been organized by the Committee of the London School and City Guilds by which elementary schoolgirls receive instruction in housewifely arts, and an examination has been held of the arts, and an examination has been held of the work done during the past year. The course includes the elementary principles of ventilation, hygiene, sanitation, thrift, and recreation, and the students are girls not more than thirteen years of age. The sense and intelligence of the answers, the readiness and neatness with which the girls executed the practical part, were evidence of the appropriateness of such education for those that would become the heads of workingmen's homes.

Vienna gowns are quite popular here this spring, the young women of the ultra-fashionable set claiming that they are much more swell and handsomer than those from Parls. Some of the new colors are rather puzzling to Some of the new colors are rather puzzling to the uninitiated—for instance, to understand what thits are meant by absinthe and charlotte russe, especially the latter, which may be light green or yellow. Then champagne is a color which would puzzle any one to define, but the dressmakers say something like pink topaz, with a dash of orange in it, describes it as well as possible. Eminence is violet, with a dash of orange in it, describes it as well as possible. Eminence is violet, with a dash of deep red: Lie de Vin is a brownish crimson, and apricot has become a perfect sunset pink. Jade green is the most desirable color.

The ladies of Dresden have been holding a riding tournament, the honors of the joust being won by a young English girl. Miss Theresa Brooks, whose spirited riding won showers of flowers and laurel leaves. Her final exploit was the driving of a pair of horses tandem while riding her own horse at full speed. A quadrille was danced very gracefully, and the time marked by the ringing of bells to the music.

Grassini, the great Italian singer. was very much interested in the young girls among her relatives, and always ready to encourage any talent she could find in them. One day a novice talent she could find in them. One day a novice was brought to her with the unpromising words, "She is a spoiled contraite, and will never do anything on the stage." But the singer listened while the young girl began her frightened trills, when suddenly Grassini caught her in her arms with delight. "Why, you are not a contraite." she said. "but the finest soprano in the world. Your voice is far stronger than mine. Study well. You want none of my help: there is a rich bank in your threat." The little singer was none other than Giulia Grisi.

There is a little five-year-old girl in Englewood who is attracting much local attention by her attempts atklrawing, which seem to indicate genius. Wherever the little maid goes the pencil and tablet are carried instead of the dolls, and she seems to have moments of inspiration, when her designs excel in originality and approach correctness. She uses few lines in her drawings, and does the work very rapidly, sometimes coloring the picture with pastels, sometimes leaving just the lines.

Mrs. Lucy Stone, in enumerating at a woman's club the gains she had herself seen acspeech, the right to education, the right to all speech, the right to education, the right to all occupations and professions, and a very great amelioration in the laws. She contrasted the old time, when an irate man at a Massachusetts town meeting had said. "The public money to educate shes! Never!" with the present, when the great universities of Chicago, Iale, and Johns Hopkins are opened to women, besides their own schools and colleges.

The Austrian Archduchess who was recently married did not take her splendid bridal robe with its embroideries of silver margarites and costly lace to her new home, but made a gift of it to the church where her sisters and brothers prayed continually for her recovery during a serious linees. The beautiful gown is to be made into a set of Easter garments for the priests, and the bride will keep only for her remembrance of the day the vell of tulle and the myrtle wreath, which all German and Austrian brides wear in token of their purity.

Mile. Yvette Guilbert has been offered \$4,000 for a month's engagement at Chicago during the Exhibition, but has declined to go. She is said to be making quite as much at Paris.

The worthy puritanical people who are always so ready to exclaim against theatres and theatrical folk will be interested in reading from the report of the Rev. Beniamin Waugh, President of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that that charity has received "more money from theatree, music and concert halls than from all the churches and chapels in the kingdom."

WELLESLEY'S BOATING CREWS.

Beaests to Fair Students from Rowing an Other Physical Training.

This winter all the class boating crews at Wellesley go into the gymnasium for regular training preparatory to the summer boat race on the lake within the college grounds. The first attempt at scientific training in oarsmanship was made on the lake last autumn and with marked success. It was not until the fall of 1891 that physical training was made a full and regular course in the college. Now every freshman that enters Wellesley receives a thorough physical examination, including measurements and strength tests, and from each three hours' work are required each week. The result of the experiment shows a gratifying development of physique, improvement in the vigor and carriage, and also an increased capacity for mental application. It is an interesting fact that while the records show an increase in strength of 100 or 150 pounds in the back in six months, the strength of the legs sometimes declines rather than increases, indicating that the young women were secustomed to walking more before they entered college than to exercising other members of the body than tha locomotive extremities. A woman examiner and a woman instructor have charge of this department, but their work is much hindered by the insificient room and applicances of the gymnasium, which can accommodate only the freshman class at one time in the regular drill. a thorough physical examination, including

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NO. 7.-ASH BLONDE. Price \$1.50 and \$3.00 per box. tion. I believe there is posting in the year of the It Will Be Adopted in a Number of Gotham Theatres at Once - Why Some Oppose It - How it Works With the Womes,

Two well-dressed agtresses tripped up to the box office of Palmer's Theatre resterday afternoon, and smiled very sweetly at Treasurer John McKever. "Two sents for to-night, please." they said, and slid over the glass counter an order for the seats they had received In answer to an application made by letter on Tuesday. The order called for the payment of an assessment of ten cents a seat for the Actors' Fund upon the delivery of the tickets. Trensurer McKever gave the two seats, and the actresses said, "Thank you," and walked away, after bestowing two very sweet smiles on the little chief of the box office.

MORE MANAGERS TO TRY IT.

MR. PALMER'S SCHEME TO TAX COM-PLIMENTARIES COMMENDED.

The Treasurer bowed and then went down into his trousers' pocket and fished up two dimes and put them in the money drawen. Then he turned to his associate with a laugh. "Count two on me," he said.

It was an amusing confirmation of the criticism made on Tuesday by the Treasurer of another Broadway theatre that because the new ten-cent assessment on passes which were formerly Issued free as "complimentaries," the treasurers would often be out of pocket in the case of the women folks. In the instance at Palmer's yesterday, both the actresses were friends of the Treasurer, and it was evident that they had not read the order signed by Manager A. M. l'almer, and were not aware of the new system of assessing "comps" be-Treasurer McKever did not care to risk the

offect of calling them back and asking them for the twenty cents. They might have been offended, and Treasurer Mchever believed that it would be much better to lose the money than cause them offence.

Authing done recently in the theatrical world has excited so much debate as the new scheme. It was reported in Monday's sux exclusively that it was going to be tried at Palmer's, and the statement was made that it was a custom that has worked very successfully in Germany, and that Manager Palmer hoped to see it succeed here. Manager Henry Greenwall of the Union Square Theatre introduced the system at that theatre vesterday. He had paid 30 cents himself at Palmer's on Monday for three seats, and had said it was a good idea. He was even more emphatic last night in commending it.

If an actor makes application to me for seats, he said, and refuses to pay the fee, he can't have the seats, that's all. Furthermore, I don't wan't him in my theatre. If actors are not willing to pay for the henefit of a charity that is doing good work helping the sick and the needy of the profession, he is no good, and doesn't deserve any courtesies. I am going to introduce the fee system in my Southern circuit as soon as I can get the fee tickets out." effect of calling them back and asking them

tickets out. Greenwall controls six theatres in Managers Greenwall controls six theatres in the South, and he says that the acheme will work well there. He added this significant

Manager's Greenwall controls six theatres in the South, and he says that the scheme will work well there. He added this significant comment:

"If the theatres will adout this plan, and carry it out conscientiously, then there will be no need of public benefits for the fund. The benefit system has nearly been run into the ground anyhow, and it would be a good thing if the fund could get along without benefits."

Manager Hosen-quest of the Hilpu and Fourteenth Street theatres and Manager Henry C. Miner said last night that they would adopt the fee system and suppress deatheads as soon as they could get the blanks printed.

"I will introduce it at all my theatres," said Manager Miner, "and I know that it will be a success if all the theatres will adopt it. I made the suggestion that it should be tried four years ago when I was I'resident of the Actors' Fund, and I had it in operation for many months at the People's Theatre. But it is no use trying the project if all the theatres do not cooperate in it."

It is on this point of cooperation that the project has already struck a snag. A number of the managers do not like the idea at all, and they said so, but for the sake of the fund they did not want to have their names published as opponents of the scheme. The great trouble in connection with the project is that it compels a manager to reveal the extent to which he has been resorting to free passes. This here-tofore has been regarded as something that is nobody's business but the manager's, and the secret of the number of free passes issued has been jealously guarded. When a theatre is "papered." as the filling of seats by giving away tickets is professionally called, the manager naturally doesn't want it known in the-actical circles, and he would be sepecially unwilling to have it known to the officers of the Papered." It is possible that this objection to the project may be obviated, although how has not yet been made clear.

"Those having 'comps' can drop their dimes in these boxes,' he said, 'and it will be an

charged up to the "advertising account" of the theatres. They are not strictly complimentaries, as the theatre has received a return for them in free advertising. Two tickets a week are issued for each lithouraph, and the tickets are exchangeable for orchestra chairs on the payment of half a dollar or a dollar, according to the seat selected.

Theatres average about twenty free passes a night each, unless business is extremely good. If it is bad, the passes increase in number. Twenty passes would make \$2 a night or \$10 for the eight performances a week. A season of forty weeks would bring in \$640 for the Actors' Fund. If twenty-five theatres adopted the fee system this would mean an annual revenue of \$20,000 for the Fund, which would be greatly increased if the fee system were adopted in other cities. President Palmer of the Fund hopes that it will be extended to other cities and that the Gotham theatres will all adopt it. It was said at his theatre last night that the plan would be carried on there whether the other theatres adopted it or not.

MEN WHOM WOMEN ADORE.

The Delicate and Refined Type of Actors and Singers Get the Smile The access of devotion that Paderewski re-

ceives from enthusiastic women calls attention to the fact that it is always the more deli-cate and refined type of manhood that inspires this sort of hysterical idolatry among the women. There never was a more superb example of handsome manliness than that of Edouard de Reszké, the French tenor, but he was here and is in his own country but vaguely admired by women, and with none of the mad, rapturous, eestasy and adoration which Alvary the German tenor, was the ungracious recipi-ent. Alvary was small and slight in stature; his shyness was almost painful; his devotion to his German frau and numerous olive branches hopelessly prosaic and unromantic. But the women stood about the stage door in groups for a glimpse of their divinity, and squandered their entire allowance on opera tickets when he sang.

Kyrie Bellew was in his day another victim of women's devotion. They found out where the esseminate Maro Antony had his hair

clipped, and bribed the barber into saving bits of the sacred fleece for them to wear in lockets and watches. How that barber ever reconciled things with his own conscience, how he will settle it with the recording angel, is a mystery, for not even the sutherland sisters could have supplied all the locks that were surreptitiously dealt out to the fair devotees for a time.

Pierre Loti, in France, now one of the Immortals, is another man of the marked feminine characteristics which appeal to the enthusiasm of women and claim their championship. It was on shipboard that this writer, whose real name is Jean Viaud, got the name of Loti, which is Japanese for "piolet," and it was as Violet that he was known among the graceluss, but discriminating subalteras. Men call his writing feminine in discernment and cloying in style, and say that he chooses his words like bonbons. But the strong and brilliant hime. Adam and her followers, in their enthusiasm for Loti at the time of his election to the Academy, opposed a man of distinguished largeness of thought and marked genius.

Dignity and elegance are both winning cards for gaining popularity with women. It is to the former that Walter Damrosch previous to this marriage gained his following of fashiosable women, and it is to the latter quality as well as his dramatic talent that Riddle is indebted for the admiration of the women who listen to his Lenton readings. Perhaps it is the unexpected strength and fire in the guiss of an exquisite that charms. The odd thing about it is that the very women who rave over these types of men are wedded to husbands of the practical rotund school; men with plenty of development in the Addermanie region; men whose wedding vess won't meet by several inches and whose bald spots are fast growing glossy; men who couldn't understand their rosetts any better than Amelia Rives's unfortunate hero, and who laugh at the little women and their ravings over long-haired heroes, confident of their ravings over long-haired heroes, confident of their rav clipped, and bribed the barber into saving bits of the sacred fleece for them to wear in lockets